

the omen  
Volume 44, Issue 6  
april 2015



# 20 MEN 1

A WASTE OF SPACE ODYSSEY

The Omen · Volume 44, Issue 5

## In This Issue...

### Speak

A Discussion on Ableist Language - Sara Turner  
Futile Mod Lottery Ad - Rowan Lupton  
Some gibberjab - Sam Jackson  
Little Ragdoll Girl - Justice Erikson

### Lies

Air from her lungs - Katlyn Donohue  
Pony Misandry - Alex de Strulle  
Stever Otterverse - Rachel Skorupka  
REAL email from PAM TINTO - Tom Howe  
Oscar Wilde/Ernest Hemmingway Erotica - Ezra "Puck"  
Fleisher

### Hate

Diagram of Cis Scum - Jess (Shelley?) Ide (Rosen?)  
SJW Card - Tom Howe  
Heartfelt letter to Mod Lottery - Rowan Lupton  
Student Infamy Awards!!! - Poster by Tom Howe, Article  
by Jess Ide (Shelley??)  
Response to Allegations - Jess Ide (Shelley???)  
Rowan Lupton Killing Javascript w/ Spoon - Rachel  
Skorupka

### Omen Staff

B Corfman - Co-Editrix - "How many men on this campus  
can I get to hate me?"  
Grace Willey - Co-Editrix - "I will do it! I will burn down the  
Kern Center!"  
Jonathan Gardner - Editor Emeritus - "Fuck. That's it"  
Isaiah Mann - Signer - Vanished while we were all  
watched steven universe  
Rowan Lupton - Layout - "It's like the iTunes visualized,  
but with real cows"  
Jess Ide - Not actually editor - "Is this really a screwdriver  
or is it a nail file?"  
Tom Howe - Omen Class of 2015 - aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
Hamlet Cooper - Omen Class of 2015 - "That's a wrap y'all"  
Rachel Skorupka - Omen Class of 2015 - "Bed, just go to  
bed"  
Puck Fleisher - Omen Class of 2015 - "I think I've definitely  
said a thing before"  
Alex de Strulle - Pony Expert - "No Photoshop, No"  
Sara Turner - Fave Firstie - "RIP Mayonnaise"  
Sam Jackson - British? - "[Gadafi] is basically the  
[Milošević] of the middle east"

Submissions are due always, constantly, so  
submit forever. You can submit in rich text or  
plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing  
telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane,  
Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your  
submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or  
Grace or B's mailboxes (735 and 1666)

2

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication  
that is the world's only example of the con-  
sistent application of a straightforward pol-  
icy: we publish all signed submissions from  
members of the Hampshire community that  
are not libelous. Send us your impassioned  
yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion  
fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny  
emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're  
happy to do it. The Omen is about giving  
you a voice, no matter how little you deserve  
it. Since its founding in December of 1992  
by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly  
ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's  
longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submit-  
ting right now, right?) might not be edited,  
and we can't promise any spellchecking ei-  
ther, so any horrendous mistakes are your  
fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert  
comical spelling mistakes in submissions to  
make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name  
you use around campus: an open forum  
comes with a responsibility to take owner-  
ship of your views. (Note: Views expressed  
in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the  
views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or  
anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever  
shows up for Omen layout, which usually  
takes place on alternate Thursday nights in  
the basement of Merrill in the company of  
a computer with an extremely inadequate  
monitor. You should come. We don't bite.  
You can find the Omen on other Thursdays  
in Saga, the post office, or on the door of  
your mod.

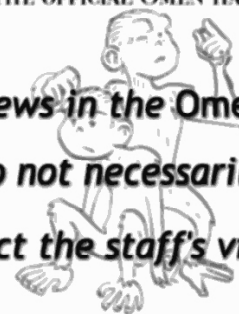


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



## EDITORIAL

B Corman | Grace Willey

Hello!

It came to my attention after last issue that I really need to put in more effort. Not nearly enough people on this campus seem to know how I feel or have any particular animosity towards me.

How could that be? Have I not expressed my distaste for men enough? (it's okay for me to say that, by the way; I have two entire male friends. maybe even more!)

Time to fix that, I guess. I'm not about to round out my Div II without getting a good portion of the men on this campus pissed off at me.

In no uncertain terms: Fuck you  
Do you realize how much energy it takes to interact with you? Is there some reason that even the most quiet and reserved of you tends to seep outwards and take up far, far too much space?

I wanted to write a huge tirade about how men are awful, really go all-out, but to be honest none of you fuckers are worth energy I could be putting towards finals.

Please be sure to read the inside margins! I left a nice note there for you.

B Corman,  
Co-Editor

Also, it was nice working with you, Grace! You're great, and I've enjoyed sharing this column with you. I'm going to stay on for another semester, because unlike Grace I have no sense of how to not burn myself out.

See you folks next year!

Hello Readers,

I have some very sad news for you and I must admit what I am going to say won't initially be easy. You'll think it strange, when I try to explain how I feel and that I still need your love after all that I've done.

I am leaving my time as Omen co-editor in pursuit of Division III work.

Now I know you won't believe me. All you will see is a girl you once knew although she's not sleeping fine, Often awake for days at a time.

I wish I could stay as editor but I had to let it happen, I had to change, Couldn't stay all my life not actually doing work but staying up anyway- looking out of the window, staying out of the sun...

Yes friends my time as a basically ineffective editor has come to a close as I pursue a path in children's media and book illustration. But do not fear! You will still read my whacky content and see my ridiculous posts! And you will have even more competent people as trust worthy editors! I may no longer be your co-editor, but as long as the Omen lives, the school will live!

Thank you for your readership, readers,

Grace Willey,  
Co-Editor

Have I said too much? There's nothing more I can think of to say to you, but all you have to do is look at me to know that every word is true.

# Section Speak

A Discussion on Ableist Language

Written by Sara Turner

**\*\*Content Warning for ableist language\*\***

I learned about the perpetuation of ableism through language mostly in terms of not using slurs and being respectful. I learned the basics: don't use slurs like the r-word, don't compare being particular to "being OCD" about something, respect disabled people's right to privacy (e.g. don't ask them why they're using an assistive device). These are explicit ways of not contributing to the othering and oppression of disabled people. But then I began to hear about people being harmed by words I previously regarded as harmless. I mean words like "crazy," "insane," "stupid," "dumb." These terms come from a lack of understanding of physical disabilities, mental disabilities, and neurodevelopmental differences. These terms have ingrained themselves into our society's vernacular from a "disabilities-are-bad" origin. The harm is through these words being used to compare disabilities with qualities or conditions seen as bad or unfavorable. The implication is then that disabilities are bad or unfavorable. The use of ableist language, even casually, is microaggression against disabled people.

### Did You Know?

Article 12, Section 241 of Mississippi's constitution states that "every inhabitant of this state, except idiots and insane persons...shall be qualified to vote." Kentucky, New Mexico, and Ohio also use "idiot" and/or "insane persons" in amendments regarding voter restriction. The life cycle of some ableist terms works like this: psychologists use a new term to describe a condition or quality viewed as needing accommodations. The new prevalence of these words causes them to be used in general by society. Stigma and a lack of understanding lead to society adopting these terms as pejoratives. The terms are then used to describe situations not relating to the psychologists' initial condition or quality. Noticing this, psychologists would then coin new terms to replace the terms now seen as problematic. Before psychology began forming as a field in the 1800s, terms originated from a need for societies to describe those with then-unidentified physical, mental, or neurodevelopmental differences. A notable example of the evolution of an ableist term concerns the Massachusetts native who founded the oldest publicly-funded mental institution, Samuel Gridley Howe. "The Massachusetts School for Idiot and Feeble-Minded Youth" was founded in 1848. At the time, "idiot" and "feeble-minded" were still used as psychological terms to refer to those with mental or neurodevelopmental differences. The origin of the word "idiot" does not erase how the word was used by society to categorize people with the intention of neglect or harm, historically perpetuated through offenses such as abuse and forced sterilization. The word eventually fell out of psychological practice due to its harmful use by society. Over time, some of these terms have lost their explicit harmful intention. Some of the most frequently used such terms are "crazy," originating in the 1570s defined as "diseased, sickly," and "stupid," originating in the 1540s defined as "mentally slow, lacking ordinary activity of mind." Harm is done when referring to someone using these words. These words have been used as reasons to oppress disabled people since their origin, whether that oppression takes the form of "idiot cages," used during the 1700s not only to "keep people with disabilities out of trouble" but also to entertain the townspeople; publically chronicling and shaming the bipolar disorder episodes of someone without their consent using headlines like "INSANE! Inside her tragic freefall into madness"; or offhandedly using a word to describe someone with or without physical, mental, or neurodevelopmental differences. We cannot ignore these words' histories. We cannot ignore the violence inflicted among people identified using these words. Language and word use evolves over time, but we must be mindful that these words were and are still used today to harm people with disabilities. We must remember not all disabilities are visible or noticeable. We do not know how these words have been used in the past towards someone described using an ableist term. It is harmful to describe people using these words. The argument is then that people sometimes do not use these words to directly harm others or target others; rather, these words are used to describe situations or other non-person entities/objects. The meaning of these words in this sense has so diluted that the words are beyond vague precisely because of their harmful origin. There are so many synonyms for "stupid" because the word can refer to a wide variety of situations: when an animal accidentally makes a seemingly avoidable mistake; when something so negative has happened that the logic of the event is questioned; when something inconvenient has happened. We do not have to use words that reference back to those with physical, mental, or neurodevelopmental differences in a negative context to describe such situations. These adjectives, in this present-day casual vernacular, exist as metaphors in this sense. It's ableist. Using these terms is ableism. Using these terms is violence. The great thing is that if one cares to replace these words in their vocabulary, it's actually easy and an opportunity to become more mindful of one's language in general.

Ableist term	Feeling/situation that inspires term	Alternative non-ableist term
"That's <i>*crazy*</i> ."	An unbelievable event has happened	"That's unbelievable."
"That's an <i>*insane*</i> amount of ladybugs."	The quality or quantity of something is far beyond our expectations.	"That's an outrageous amount of ladybugs."
"What an <i>*idiot*</i> ."	This person is frustrating me in some way.	"What an inconsiderate person."
<i>*psychotic*</i> ."	This person has done something I don't understand/something harmful.	"That person is incomprehensible/a jerk."

### Questioning Our Language

Since our society approves of using most of these terms it can be difficult to monitor and replace them in our vocabularies. What matters is internal self-evaluation of your thoughts about ableist language and external modification of behavior resulting from this evaluation. For example, if one is baffled by an event and thinks to say, "That's crazy!" one should do three things: (1) think more critically about what one wants to communicate, (2) think about what aspects of the event make one want to use this harmful word, and (3) replace the word with a more fitting one.



I've put some examples in a table. More can be found at <http://www.autistichoya.com/p/ableist-words-and-terms-to-avoid.html>. Eventually one will discover enough synonyms that they do not even think to use the replaced ableist term.

Another way to approach the idea of questioning your language is to think in terms of how someone or something makes you feel. If one wishes to complain to a friend about someone's slow pace at a collaborative task, they should think about (1) how they feel and (2) what causes them that feeling. Instead of calling a person "dumb," one could recognize that they are used to a fast pace for this task and this adjustment has made them impatient. Your frustration does not need to be channeled into a metaphor for disabilities people have been oppressed for over centuries. Especially in conversation, making an effort to change your speech to be less harmful to people with disabilities will help create a less ableist atmosphere; correcting your speech and becoming aware will help others around you become more inclusive as well.

As far as terms specifically referring to certain conditions or disabilities: realize the implications of phrasing and connotations of words. A person who uses a wheelchair is not "wheelchair bound." This implies that people who use wheelchairs have limitations; it implies that all people who use wheelchairs use them permanently; it furthers the idea of wheelchairs being tragedies. The same goes for the phrase "suffering from [disability]." The only person that can establish whether or not someone is suffering from a disability is that someone with their own disability. Generalizing the experiences of people with disabilities through language is harmful.

I'm not advocating language policing. Ableist terms that aren't slurs are usually used without the user being aware of their history and the harm they can bring. I think it would be incredibly uncomfortable and somewhat inappropriate to publically call someone out for describing something using an ableist term. Rather, if one feels uncomfortable with the words someone is using, they can talk to them in private to voice their concerns and make the person aware. Despite the assumption that these terms have been normalized, people are hurt by the casual use of these terms. This is not a case of being politically correct. It is a case of trying to strengthen our communities by being respectful, inclusive, unassuming, and aware.

Yes, I believe greater awareness of the language that we use will aid our communities in being inclusive: in the case of this article, inclusive for people of all abilities. Both "community" and "communication" share the Latin root communis, "common, public, general, shared by all or many." Evaluating the words we choose in correspondence will make us more critical and ultimately more effective communicators, strengthening our communities by having all people share a common ground, regardless of ability. - Sara Turner

Sources and Thanks:

"Doing Social Justice: Thoughts on Ableist Language and Why It Matters": Rachel Cohen-Rottenberg, [DisabilityandRepresentation.com](http://DisabilityandRepresentation.com)

"Ableism/Language": Lydia Brown, [AutisticChoya.com](http://AutisticChoya.com)

"When Is Language Ableist or Offensive": [CrippledScholar.wordpress.com](http://CrippledScholar.wordpress.com)

Tammy Reynolds, B.A., C.E. Zupanick, Psy.D. & Mark Dombeck, Ph.D.

[DisabledFeminists.com](http://DisabledFeminists.com)  
[Etymonline.com](http://Etymonline.com)

The Minnesota Governor's Council on Developmental Disabilities

Star Magazine (not really, go fuck yourself tabloid garbage) (yes, the quoted headline is referring to Britney Spears)



**BLART**  
DON'T SNART IN HIS MART ^Tom Howe

Volume 44, Issue 4 drought pre

Jonathan Gardner, Amara Taylor, and Rowan Lupton are looking for people to fill the double in an Enfield 6 person mod. Please get in touch with us by the morning of April 24! submitted by Rowan Lupton



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Div Screens > \_\_\_\_\_  
submitted by  
Sal Migliaccio our. New York

## A life from which to learn: Former Redwood City teacher honored for her long life and dedicated career

November 27, 2014, 05:00 AM By [Dave Newlands](#) Daily Journal

 Like 72

"I always say, San Francisco got the earthquake, and Plainfield got me," Irma Hofslund said, speaking of 1906, the year she was born in Plainfield, Wisconsin.

Hofslund laughed at the joke and, though she is a petite woman, her smile seemed somehow huge.

"I only look good when I smile," Hofslund said, and she smiles often.

Irma, who turned 108 Nov. 10, now lives in Redwood City, where she was officially honored by the City Council last week.

"We truly see her as an inspiration to others, through her life and her teaching," said Malcolm Smith, interim communications manager for Redwood City.

"They're just giving me the honor of living so long," Hofslund said. "They keep saying I'm an example, and I don't look like much of an example, but here I am."

Recently, Hofslund has received a slew of honors for her distinguished life and career, including letters of recognition from Gov. Jerry Brown and U.S. Sen. Dianne Feinstein, and a commendation from the Redwood City Elementary School District where she taught for 18 years at Kennedy Middle School.

Hofslund began her teaching career in Tripoli, Wisconsin, a small lumber town where she got a job after graduating from University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point. On her first visit to the Tripoli post office, she would meet the man who would become her husband.

"He won me on a bet, that's the beginning of it," Hofslund, said. "He had made a bet with another boy that he or the other would get a date with the new teacher, having no idea what the new teacher was like, but it was somebody new in their little town, anyway."

At first, the friendship between Irma, who was Irma Pierce at the time, and Glen, who was two and a half years her junior, seemed paramount to romance.

"When I first met him, he was just a kid to me," Hofslund said. "He was full of fun and he was a good kid. ... We were just good kids getting in the car and going to shows and dances."

Over the next 25 years, Glen and Irma would remain friends, often at long distance. She moved back to Milwaukee, and Plainfield, then out to Yosemite where her father was working. Glen, meanwhile, was called to serve in World War II. She sent letters, and he sent souvenirs from his travels, and so it went for many years. It wasn't until Irma was 45 that she and Glen decided to get married.

They moved to the Farm Hill neighborhood of Redwood City in 1958 and Irma began teaching at Goodwin School, which would later become Kennedy Middle School.

When Hofslund finally retired, she was 76, and had logged a total of 50 years as a teacher.

These days, Hofslund's is a low-key life. Glen passed away in 1983, and she traded in the house on Farm Hill for a one-bedroom apartment. Now she is happy brunching with her niece, watching the Giants (who recently invited her to a game as a guest of honor), and taking her weekly trip to the hair salon.

"She comes in every week and I dye her hair," said Maria Peterson, Irma's regular stylist. "She says so her husband will recognize her in heaven as the red-headed girl he fell in love with."

Amidst the hubbub of her recent accolades, Hofslund remains humble and soft-spoken about her life.

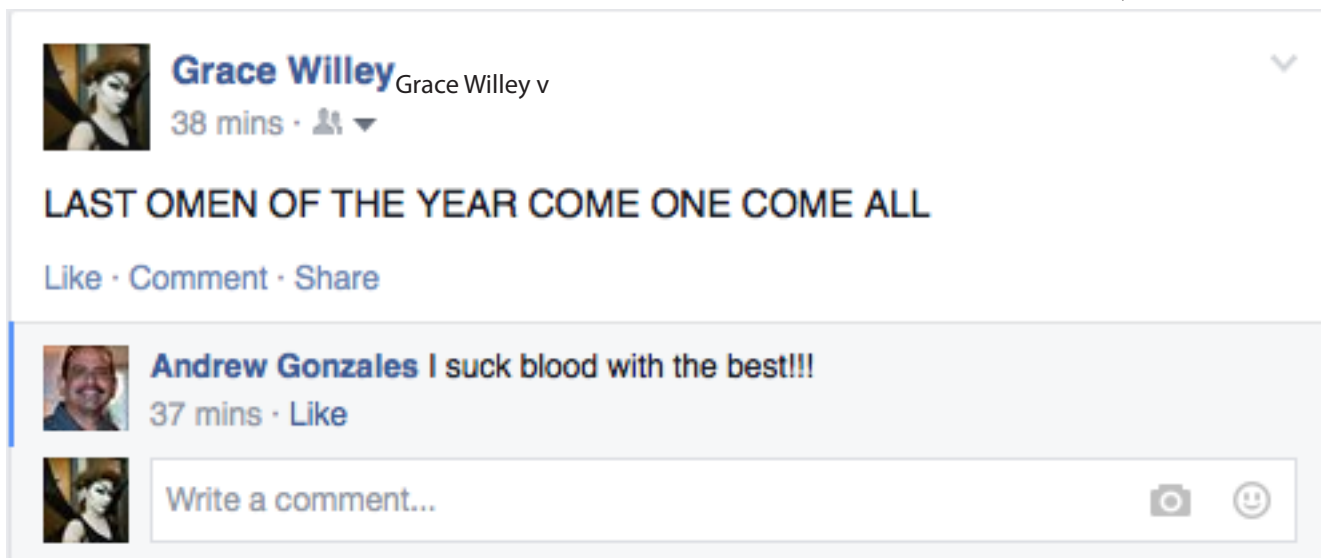
"People will say to me what's your secret," Hofslund said, flashing her youthful smile once more. "And I say I don't have a secret, but I wouldn't tell you if I did. It's no fun."

"Rest in Peace Irma- Thanks for everything" Submitted by Grace Willey



*Dave Newlands/Daily Journal Irma Hofslund in her Redwood City home with one of her recent commendations.*





“An Entirely Acontextual Arrangement of Words Masquerading as Meaningful”

But instead of satisfaction, there came after a painful tug. A staggering, new feeling. Like pinpricks all along my arms. A weight, more than Daddy’s car, more than elephants, more than whales, more than everything was sitting on my lap, so hard that I couldn’t move or breathe. Bella lay broken at the foot of the stairs. And this is my fault. She’s going to be okay. I know it. She will get back up the stairs and tell me off and chastise me and everything will be fine. She is going to chastise me until I ascend and then Daddy will get home and I’ll crawl onto the sofa with him and we’ll watch a film together, something relaxing and peaceful and happy. It will be alright. Sobbing. My stomach wanted to wrap itself around my knees and burst onto them, that made me want to roll into a ball and scream and weep and want everything to go away.

submitted by Sam Jackson



Walmethyst submitted by Rachel Skorupka

**The Omen · Volume 44, Issue 5**

**Little Ragdoll Girl With a Revolution in Her Stomach**

Little ragdoll girl with a revolution in her stomach  
Wanders down the sidewalk going door to door to learn  
what it is to be woman  
Not the unshaven empowerment battlecry of the little girl's  
chosen mothers  
This is what womanhood is when you have only ever lived  
in one town  
And the television raises you from the time you need a  
babysitter to a companion in death.  
This is what it is when you know for certain that your worth  
as a person is determined by your desirability to men.  
Little girl,  
You will never feel truly at home here, just as you will never  
feel truly at home immersed in wealthy academia.  
You'll never know what it is to be perfect plastic California  
or New York,  
But you'll paint yourself bloody trying.

Each of these endlessly numerous summer days we bike  
down to the town sand-and-water patch so that she can  
teach me how to obsess over boys the way that you know  
that I'm obsessing over her.  
We have stolen books, binoculars, and bagels.  
And we watch Jamer R. Rolkes Jr. and a boy you remember  
only as Patrick.  
We follow their every move so that we may learn what it is  
to be a boy and to love a boy.

The girl takes the same 47 steps to her best friend's faded  
blue front porch  
And the smell of Pall Malls, pear vodka, and dollar store  
perfume in I-Wish-I-Was-Happy floods her senses and  
smells like hope and home to her.  
She trounces up the steps, proud smile on her face.  
You leave your sparkly pink dial-up Myspace page long  
enough to answer the door for her,  
And she shows you her new perfect blonde hair just  
long enough for you to be proud before she tells you that  
tomorrow it will be a purple mohawk.  
We do not yet know what to say to these boys that could  
possibly convey what it is that we do or do not want from  
them,  
But what comes naturally to us is your father's closet and  
dressing me up as a boy,  
Parading me around the town so proud to deceive and call  
me boyfriend. This brings me a comfort that you may never  
understand.  
And later that night you'll let me onto the stage constructed  
out of your sister's toppled bedframe while we play Fergie at  
top volume because your parents are nowhere to be found  
this week.  
I will woo you into my arms. This game has higher stakes  
for me ... but you musn't ever know this because I am your  
"best friend".  
I will struggle to break through the barriers in your mind  
that say that you could never love me. I am determined  
convince you that I am the boy you never loved in the first  
place.

Someday, you will come out with me.  
You will forget me when you have your first real girlfriends,  
8 but by then my era will be over and I will never know  
what it feels like to hear you write me a love poem.  
We will write two sides of a love story novel together  
instead.

We will play dolls and "house" and write until I am the boy  
you never wanted.

Because no matter how much she wants your size 12 ice  
blue ripped skinny jeans and your polka dotted padded  
b-cups,  
She knows who she is somewhere and she knows that you  
will grow up to leave this town.  
But she doesn't know now that you won't follow her to  
college -  
But you will try.  
Because no matter what we say she will always be your first  
love  
And you will always be who made her a woman.  
submitted by Justice Erikson

For Your Consideration: The benefits of expelling all  
men, except for me  
As you are no doubt aware, the Omen has sparked a  
controversy that has swept across campus, inspiring  
impassioned debate and arguments the likes of which  
haven't been seen on Hampshire campus in decades. The  
question that sparked these debates is whether or not the  
college should expel every single male student enrolled in  
the school, except for me.  
I'm sure we can all see the advantages to this move. Not  
only would it drastically reduce class sizes, but it would  
also completely eliminate the well documented "dudes who  
don't really know what they're talking about but won't shut  
up anyway" phenomenon, except for in the one class that  
I take for my last semester of Division III. It would also  
significantly improve Hampshire's not-male-to-male ratio,  
thereby demonstrating our commitment to women and  
non-binary people in higher education; where once the  
ratio was around 57:43\*, expelling all men except for me  
would boost it to 850:1, a marked improvement.  
Now, I know what some of you are thinking: "But what  
about the male perspective?" It's fine! I'll still be here and  
am more than qualified to speak for all men, and I, as a  
man, think that expelling all men except for me would be  
a great move. Additionally, most men are more attractive  
than I am, so expelling them all would significantly  
improve my dating prospects here. Maybe? Probably not,  
actually, but maybe someone would be too lazy to go to  
Amherst or UMass and would date me, which would be  
pretty cool.



\*This statistic is likely inaccurate, as its source phrases it  
using the male/female gender binary.  
submitted by Jonathan Gardner





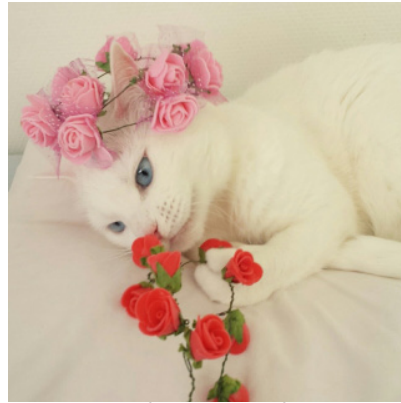
# Section Lies

AIR FROM MY LUNGS.

- Katlyn Donohue

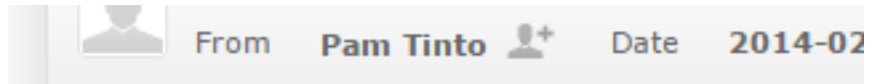


"When you have pears! And no photoshop skills!"  
submitted by Alex de Strulle ^



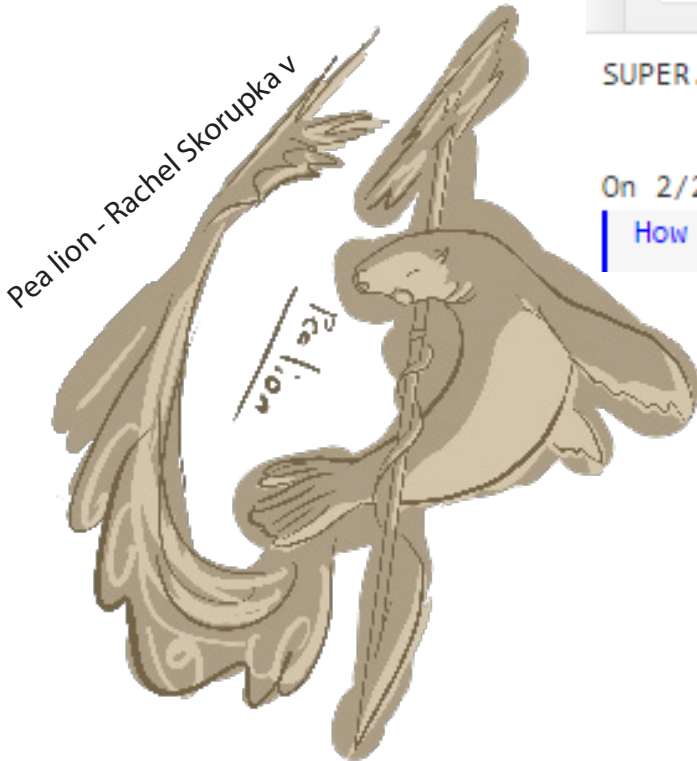
"Rare beautiful picture of Puck (Ezra) in their true form, it pains me to reveal this secret but they are graduating and something with their name on it should be in the Omen!"  
- Alex de Strulle

Tom Howe v



SUPER...so many thanks Tom

On 2/25/14 3:25 PM, [tfh11@champhshire.edu](mailto:tfh11@champhshire.edu) wrote:  
How does this look? i'm sorry



Pea lion - Rachel Skorupka v



Cotter - Rachel Skorupka v

The Omen · Volume 44, Issue 5

## The Importance of Banging Ernest by Ezra "Puck Fleisher"

Deep in the guts of Paris, on a somewhat-uncharted street corner, behind a festively-decorated door, sits Cafe de l'Amour in one cavernous room dug partly out of the ground. A few wooden steps lead from the door down into the bar area, dimly with a lilac sheen, the walls covered in an art-deco burgundy. The establishment has gained a certain notoriety amongst gentlemen of a "certain persuasion." On sticky August nights when the city pulses with the temperate blush of summer, these men shuffle into the cafe, green carnations pinned subtly to mauve lapels. They dance, they laugh, they scarf down whiskey and puff languidly upon English cigars, then leave arm in arm with one another with a coy wink to the bartender. (Occasionally the bartender might have an early shift and leave with them, but that is a story for another day.)

On this particular evening, a young American sits at a corner table in the back of Cafe de l'Amour, scrawling out a manuscript and nursing a scotch. His brown eyes are obscured slightly by a wavy shock of dark hair and his tanned cheeks are peppered with two weeks' growth of stubble. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes sweat from his brow. He looks down at what he has written so far:

"The sky was grey. The bucket was red. The trees were barren and covered in dust, much like his soul. They had lost twenty men to dysentery that week."

Too sentimental, he thinks to himself. He takes a generous sip of scotch and crosses off the phrase "like his soul."

He looks up, gazing out upon the sea of black cloaks and clinking glasses, inhaling a pungent potpourri of shoe polish and wine and pipe tobacco. A young man stands in the corner adjacent to his table, regaled in a long, velvet coat, lilac and violet accenting a lanky, angular frame. His hair hangs in fluid tendrils to his shoulders, his eyes a pale green accented with amber. The American abruptly looks away. He did not know it was possible for a human being to be so beautiful, let alone a man. He returns to his manuscript. His pen hovers, his hands trembling slightly over the page. Somehow words escape him. Now is not the time for writer's block. Focus, Ernest, focus, he tells himself.

It is but a minute, however, before his eyes divert back to the man in the corner. The man, as if he can feel the gaze of an admirer, meets Ernest's gaze and smiles warmly.

Ernest immediately turns back to his manuscript. He stifles back a slight blush. No. Write, damn you, write, he thinks to himself.

He looks up again, only to see the impeccably-dressed man walking towards him. Of course, he can handle this. After all, grace under pressure has always been his forte.

"Good evening."

"Hello," he says curtly. "Name's Hemingway. Ernest Hemingway."

The men shake hands. "Charmed," says the impeccably-dressed man with a flourishing bow. "Wilde. Oscar Fingal Wilde." He speaks with a refined London accent peppered with a ghost of an Irish brogue.

Oscar Wilde? The Oscar Wilde?

"Aren't you... dead?"

"Oh, tush. Artistic liberties, darling! Artistic liberties!"

Hemingway blinks. Perhaps the scotch is going to his head. "I uh... I've got a great deal of respect for your work," says Hemingway. "You've got a style. Not my style, mind you, but one I can admire."

"I might say the same for you. Tell me," begins Wilde, lovingly sipping a Bordeaux. "What brings you here?"

"To Paris? Well, I've been writing. Writing and traveling. I've just spent the last few months in Egypt and--"

"Dear fellow, not to Paris! Tonight, to Cafe de l'Amour! To this queer little establishment in the heart of this great city."

"Oh, um, well, I was just... having breakfast."

"Having breakfast? At midnight?"

"Well... technically, it is the start of the morning...." His speech trails off as he feels his pulse quicken. "Mr. Wilde, what brings you here?"

Wilde shoots Hemingway an impish grin. "Well, Mr. Hemingway, I can resist anything except temptation."

Involuntarily, blood begins to flood Hemingway's cheeks.

"Mr. Hemingway, do you dance?"

"Dance? No. No. I do not."

"Dancing is simple, really. It simply requires learning to be a bit more versatile with one's steps."

Before he is fully aware of what is happening, Hemingway is in the arms of Wilde, stepping, pirouetting, trying to find some sort of rhythm to the sultry strains of jazz radiating through the establishment. Wilde then suggests the two men take a look at each

others' latest manuscripts but tells Hemingway that he, alas, left his manuscript in his flat. Luckily, his flat is just down the street and that Hemingway is, of course, welcome to come with him on his errand.

And so, the two prolific authors set off into the Paris evening, bound for Wilde's flat. They reach the foyer of the modest apartment house in which Wilde currently makes his home and begin the climb the stairs, speaking of the simultaneous great pleasure and great struggle that is writing. As they reach the top of the third floor, they turn to look at one another. Hemingway stares at the pair of coy green eyes in front of him, blood rushing to his temples, his heartbeat resonating in his throat, desire rising within him. On sudden impulse, he pulls his fellow writer into a hungry kiss, shoving him against the peeling plaster wall of the stairwell. Wilde shoves him against the other wall and Hemingway lets out an involuntary growl, feeling the Irishman's hot breath over his mouth. He catches his breath, embarrassed, realizing with a pang of guilt what he has just done. He wipes his mouth on his sleeve abruptly. The two ascend the last two flights in a pregnant silence heavy with a now-undeniable tension. Time seems to lag and the walk seems suddenly longer.

Finally, they reach the top of the stairs and come to a faded blue door. Wilde turns the key in the lock and beckons Hemingway in. A small sofa sits adjacent to a mattress on the floor covered in silken pillows. In the corner stands a wooden table with two chairs, upon which sits a porcelain tea pot. A wooden door opens to a small bathroom and a wide window with satin curtains opens to a view of the Seine below.

"It's not much," says Wilde, "but it is sufficient for me... not to mention the occasional late-night visitor." He flashes Hemingway another knowing smile, as if he is in on all his secrets. "Feel free to make yourself at home."

Hemingway clears his throat, sits down on the sofa, and crosses his legs, attempting to conceal the growing evidence of his arousal.

Wilde turns to face him. "My dear chap," he says, "you have so much life to live." He pulls Hemingway up and kisses him once more, his tongue exploring every corner of his mouth.

"Surely," begins Hemingway, "surely there is something wrong with this. Surely..." His protests turn into groans as his fellow author begins to kiss down his neck, gingerly tracing the stubble and biting down on his ear. Wilde begins to undo Hemingway's shirt-buttons, slowly exposing the rugged muscles on his chest. He takes a nipple into his mouth, flicking his tongue swiftly up and down. He takes a hearty bite as Hemingway cries out in a delicious marriage of pleasure and pain. He continues downward, slowly unbuttoning the young man's trousers. Before Hemingway can moralize, he feels the playwright's soft lips around the head of his penis, beckoning him into a different sort of dance. He moans, realizing that no one has ever touched him quite like this.

Wilde gets up, removing his waistcoat and ruffled shirt with a flourishing gesture. Moonlight reflects coolly off his bare chest, pale and vulnerable and tactile. He sheds his trousers with one fell swoop, standing naked in front of his new lover. A patch of dark hair meanders down his belly and settles between his legs where-- where-- Fuck. It is then that Hemingway realizes with a stinging jolt that Wilde is larger. What on God's green earth am I doing? he thinks to himself. Suddenly, he shakes his head. "I can't do this," says Hemingway. "It's not right."

Wilde nods slowly. A pause. He smiles slightly. "Very well," he replies, reaching for the trousers strewn on the ground, nimble artist's fingers stretching out, delicate abdominal muscles contracting slightly as he bends.

Hemingway exhales. Goddamn, he's beautiful, he thinks.

Another pause. "Wait."

Wilde looks up. "Yes, ducky?"

Hemingway smirks. "Ducky? Really?"

Wilde laughs. "You know, we don't have to..."

Hemingway silences Wilde's assurance with a kiss. He feels a decisive hardness as their erections brush against each other. Involuntarily, he gasps. Reaching out, his fingers clasp his fellow author's shaft. It feels strange, but a wonderful sort of strange. Liberating. Wilde moans slightly at the sudden contact as his cock expands further in the young man's smoothly calloused hand.

Hemingway's hand trembles slightly as he begins to move his hand steadily up and down the other man's shaft, his tongue exploring the roof of Wilde's mouth. His free hand wanders up Wilde's shoulders and grasps a fistful of silky hair. In response, Wilde digs his nails into Hemingway's back, leaving a faint trail of crimson as he moves downward. Hemingway growls, a deep, guttural exclamation, as he pushes Wilde firmly against the wall, pinning his arms above his head. Wilde resists against Hemingway's grasp. "You think you've got me pinned down, do you?" he taunts hoarsely, the Irish in his voice coming through particularly strongly.

Hemingway smirks as his grip tightens around Wilde's wrists.

Wilde grunts. "Good Lord, you're strong."

"I've been trained. Missouri National Guard. Got me a silver medal for service on the Italian front."

"Well, clearly," Wilde begins to kiss his way up Hemingway's neck. He bites down with ruthless conviction. Involuntarily, Hemingway moans as his grip loosens ever-so-slightly.



Garnet, but a seal  
Rachel Skorupka >

What day?  
Sunday, Apr 19th  
Monday, Apr 20th  
Monday, Apr 21st  
Monday, Apr 22nd  
Monday, Apr 23rd  
Monday, Apr 24th  
Monday, Apr 25th  
Monday, Apr 26th  
Monday, Apr 27th  
Monday, Apr 28th  
Monday, Apr 29th  
Monday, Apr 30th  
Monday, May 1st  
Monday, May 2nd  
Monday, May 3rd  
Monday, May 4th  
Monday, May 5th  
Monday, May 6th  
Monday, May 7th  
Monday, May 8th  
etc

<^Tom Howe



Wilde bites down again. Hemingway cries out again. With one decisive gesture, Wilde shoves Hemingway away from the wall and onto the mattress, upsetting the chair covered in books and papers. They crash to the ground in defeated grace. Wilde pins Hemingway to the mattress. In response, Hemingway rolls on top of Wilde. Frantically, Hemingway kisses his way down Wilde's slim belly. His mouth envelops the playwright's cock. The two men let out simultaneous moans. Wilde arches his back ever so slightly, his face contorting with pleasure. "Ah! Wait..." He gasps.

Hemingway pauses. "What is it?"

"I-I just... don't want to be done just yet." He runs his hands across Hemingway's bottom, his fingers moving their way toward his most vulnerable spot. As he finds it, Hemingway gasps.

It is then that Hemingway abruptly realizes the full extent to which he wants Wilde. "Do you want to..." he begins.

Wilde flashes the coy halfsmile which nearly sends Hemingway over the edge. "Do you want me to?"

"Yes." It is a barely audible, desperate plea.

"As you wish, Mr. Hemingway."

"Oh, to hell with all this formality! Call me Ernest."

Oscar smiles. "Indeed, we do seem to be on thee and thou terms at this point, eh Ernest?" He goes to the drawer and pulls out a bottle. He squirts a sticky substance onto his fingers.

Ernest is puzzled. "What the hell is that for?"

"Just to make our lives easier. Trust me, you'll thank me in a moment. Now bend over."

Obediently, Ernest bends, laying himself face down on the bed. "Do I get to return the favor next time?"

"Perhaps, if you're good."

Before Ernest can question any further, he feels a smooth, slim finger entering him. It feels odd... though a good sort of odd....

He thinks. He winces at a twinge of slight pain. "Slower, damn you!" he whispers curtly. Obediently, the finger slows down. Oscar's finger seems to be searching for something. No, not there. Over there? Oh, yes. There! Ernest feels a serene rush as Wilde's finger brushes against his... he isn't sure what that spot is, only that no one has touched him remotely like this before. "Fuuuck, keep going..." Oscar continues his massage. He slips a second finger in, opening Ernest up, massaging his tender spot.

"Oh god, just give me your cock already!"

"Patience, darling!"

"I don't do patience!"

"Well, 'twould seem someone's a power-bottom."

"I don't... even know what... that means.... but.... oh god,

Oscar! You'd better hurry up or I'll lose it--"

It is just then that Oscar's fingers are replaced with his cock, as he presses in ever-so-gradually. Ernest feels himself opening up further, his face flushed, his own shaft throbbing impatiently in his hand. Oscar's thrusts are meticulous, gracefully... painfully slow. "Unh, faster, you tease!" Oscar picks up his pace slightly at first, then with more momentum. He cries out and and throws himself deeply into his fellow author's eager bottom. Ernest groans in ecstasy. The entire room seems to be growing, pulsating, almost a glowing purple in Ernest's elated perception. Foreign sounds escape his mouth, moans turning to whimpers, release swelling within him. Abruptly, Ernest is exhausted. "I need... I think I need a moment."

"Pull out?"

"Yeah... sorry."

"Not at all!" Slowly, Oscar pulls out.

Ernest collapses on the bed with a mighty sigh, dragging Oscar into a tight embrace.

"Ernest, did you--"

"Uh, I don't know. Not like... usual."

"Ahh, that can happen."

"Did you--?"

"Not yet."

The two men are silent for a moment, breathing in each others scents. Ernest They begin to kiss again, as wandering hands begin to work their ways back down. "You're still hard," observes Oscar. "Do you want to... return the favor?"

Ernest kisses Oscar affirmatively. He reaches down, one hand coaxing along his own erection, the other hand on Oscar's. Ernest runs to the bureau and squirts a generous amount of the sticky substance onto his cock. "You ready?"

Oscar nods, his legs bending upward against his belly.

Ernest grunts as he enters his fellow author slowly, tentatively. He is so warm, so tight, oh, delightfully tight. Oscar punctuates Ernest's thrusts with moans. "You're sure you've never done this before?"

"Not this exactly-- Uhh--"

Ernest's pace picks up, plunging deeper with each thrust. Once again, Oscar and Ernest cry out in unison. Oscar winces slightly. "Slower!" Ernest slows down slightly. "Yes Ernest yes, right there--"

"Oh Oscar, I think I'm about to--"

But Ernest has already reached the point of no return. He lets out a mighty groan as orgasm crashes over him, releasing into Oscar's overwhelming warmth. He pulls out involuntarily, taking a few deep breaths. He reaches for a towel and cleans himself and his bedfellow with a few decisive gestures.

He drops to his knees, his mouth enveloping Oscar's cock once more. It is a matter of minutes before Oscar's release comes, sweeping through his body as his face contorts with pleasure. Ernest surprises even himself as he swallows, tasting all of his new lover.

Ernest and Oscar fall back on the bed, each with an almighty sigh, a tender stew of trembling, recovering bodies. Oscar snorts. "Well, I reckon we've woken the entirety of Paris at this point!"

"Shh, don't say that!"

"Are you trying to be bashful now, Mr. Military man?"

"Not bashful, just... bloody exhausted."

\*\*\*\*\*

Within minutes, Ernest has fallen asleep, his naked frame draped across Oscar's lap. Oscar yawns and puffs his pipe. This evening has turned out quite well, he fancies. Above their heads, the faintest rays of dawn are beginning to creep in through the closed curtains, projecting crimson and blue and lilac across the wall. Oscar looks down at the disheveled boy in repose over his person, running his hands through rumpled hair and stubble.

"So you see my dear fellow," Oscar observes, "the sun also rises."

(editor's note: this is tiny because fundcom only gave us money for 16 pages. we <3 u fundcom but look at what you make us do)



# Section Hate

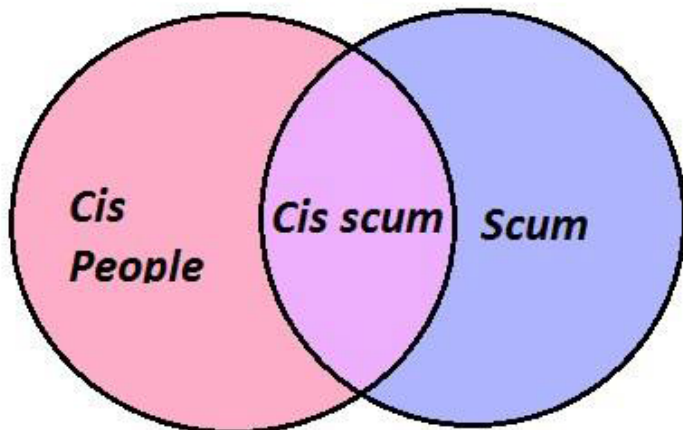


FUCK YOU  
HOUSING  
LOTTERY

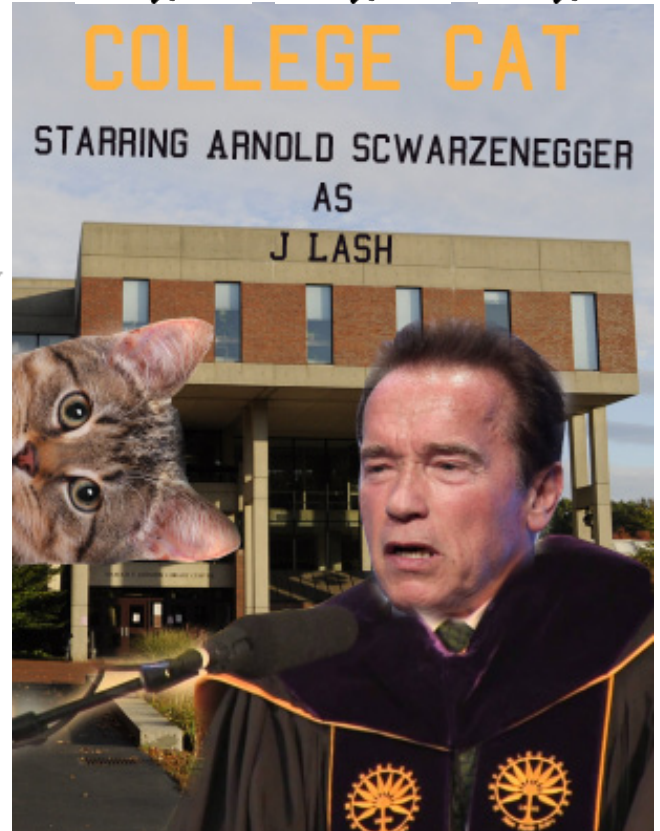
vBen Kiem ^ rowan lupton  
he Hub  
<https://thehub.hampshire.edu/> ▾ Hampshire College ▾  
You visited this page.

*How people are missing the  
point of Die Cis Scum.*

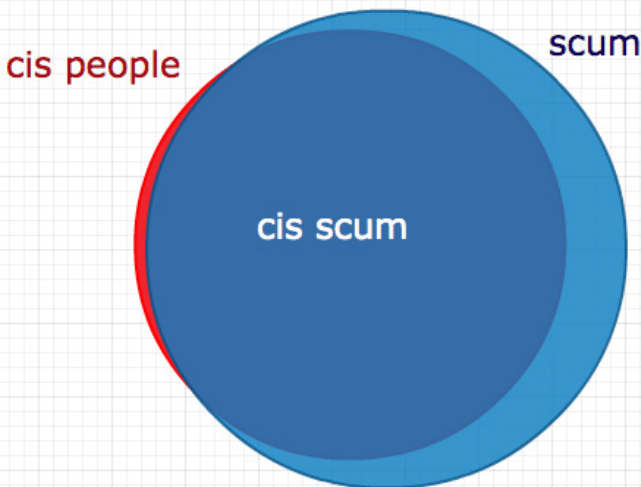
(A Venn Diagram)



Jess Ide (Shelley?) ^ Jess Ide (Shelley??)v



Isaiah Mann^ vTom Howe



Annual Hampshire College

# Student Infamy Awards



For students who work to wreck our community through their active involvement on campus.

**Make your nomination now!**

Visit [is.gd/infamyaward](https://is.gd/infamyaward) to make your nomination.

v Rachel Skorupka

Tom Howe^



Rowan Lupton ^



Tom Howe v



The Omen · Volume 44, Issue 5

## In response to allegations that I put up posters calling to expel all male-identified students

4 20 Yiff It



It has come to my attention that the recent posters put around campus stating “expel all omen” have 1. been interpreted somehow as being a call to expel all male-identified students and 2. have been attributed to me.

0s



Tom Howe ^

1. How do you get from “all omen” to “all male-identified students”? It said “omen”
2. What is a “male-identified student” and what makes them different from a man, or male student? Are they people who are male but not male-identified? Are there male-identified students who are not men? I just don’t understand how these aren’t synonyms.
3. I literally didn’t have anything to do with those posters except that I’m on Omen staff and put one of the posters up on the front of the Tavern as part of us putting up our omen posters. I didn’t make them. I didn’t print them. I’m not even a signer for the omen nor am I editor. (“Shadow editor” is a joke title. All I do is make the table of contents and make content.)
4. I did, at 2am, write about my bad taste in men and how they should all be expelled for being so cute but I’ll have you know that today I went on a date with a cute person who asked me out and it went well so clearly I know how to bring all the boys to the yard. It’s by proclaiming that they should all be expelled.



Rowan Lupton^



v Tom Howe

## #KernMonolith

Anyway, if you’re so mad about our covers, just submit alternative cover designs. Submit your complaints to us and we will publish them. I dunno. Men all seem to be afraid to stand by their word. They’ll only speak their minds behind the shroud of anonymity on Yik Yak and ICUHampy. I’m brave enough to attach my name to shit that I say. Why aren’t you? If you think misandry is real and Hampshire is all about reverse-racism and stuff then put your name to it. We’ll listen. But I’m not going to take seriously the opinions of anonymous trolls accusing me of things I haven’t even done.

Have a good summer! You have all summer to write your submissions for next fall! I’m gonna be a Div III and I’m so ready! Let’s goooooo!!!!

^ submitted by Jess Ide (Shelley???)

14





## The First Annual Hampshire College Infamy Awards:

For students who work to wreck out community through their active involvement on campus (Is someone missing? Submit your nominations to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) !)

Just like the Ingenuity Awards, being nominated and winning are the same thing!

### **HYPE Committee** nominated by Jess Ide

The HYPE Committee organized a massive clusterfuck of a halloween, wasted a lot of money, and somehow still plan on coming back next semester to try again.

### **Whoever is behind the APL Renovations**

nominated by Gustavo Madrigal Pina & Jess Ide

The renovations are being paid for out of a \$50k pot of money meant to be controlled by students. The same you-know-who students used \$40k of this money to remove all the couches, repaint the walls, gut the old Community Council office (the only good thing to come out of this) and install a large flat screen TV. Rumor has it they are going to attach video game consoles to the TV to be played inside the 24/7 study space???

### **The Kern Center Committee** nominated by Alex de Strulle & Hamlet Cooper

They're taking up way to much of the campus and the building isn't important. It takes forever to walk anywhere now. We've been asking for a new building to be built for a long time so that we can have health services there and now we're going 2.5 million dollars in debt to build a new building and we're not putting health services in it! #BurnKern

### **Jonathan Gardner** nominated by Rowan Lupton & Jonathan Gardner

Didn't write his Div III Progress Report on time.

Rachel Skorupka >

Volume 44, Issue 5 · The Omen

### **The Social Entrepreneurship Program** nominated by Hamlet Cooper

They're huge douchebags. They are taking resources away from other underfunded programs in order to learn how to profit off of social problems. They're just generally not good people and they take up tons of space for their own career advancement and get in the way of doing anything that would actually improve the lives of Hampshire students.

### **Whoever keeps stealing all the Omens**

nominated by Everyone who Matters

Seriously, you dick. Stop that. Why are you so mad about covers with silly jokes that you have to haul and steal hundreds of copies of the Omen and throw them out. "Dine Cis Scum" and "Expel All Omen" were clearly jokes, come on. Wow. Jeeeeezus. That is such waste of SAF money. Why don't you just turn into a donut and roll into Puffer's Pond. The Omen will outlive you. Your efforts are worthless. The Omen has outlived Community Council, FiCom, Hexter, Mod 71, the Climax, the Forward, the Ink Valve, and countless others. We will outlive everything. Give up.

### **All Men** nominated by Tom Howe

You know what you did.

submitted by Jess Ide (Shelley????)



So long fuckers  
Have a Summer  
and/or rest of  
your life  
<3 your only  
true friend,  
The Omen

